

Good Morning 477

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

A ROYAL Naval Reserve officer, commanding a British submarine has achieved a record "bag" of German controlled coastal supply ships by an enterprising attack on the slipways of an Aegean harbour.

The submarine destroyed seven vessels and damaged several others in an attack which was completed in less than twenty minutes.

Lt. W. H. Kett, D.S.C., R.N.R., in his official narrative of the attack, states that a reconnaissance of the harbour at periscope depth revealed that there were three shipbuilding yards, with nine vessels of the coastal type, under construction or being repaired, on the slipways.

Other ships used by the enemy for running supplies in the Aegean were seen afloat.

"We surfaced within a mile of the breakwater," continues Lt. Kett's narrative, "and opened fire, completing the job in eighteen minutes.

"We then dived, and subsequent examination of the harbour showed that two ships had been sunk, five destroyed on the slipways—including two of at least 200 tons—and one holed and damaged. Several smaller craft were also damaged."

Later in the patrol, the submarine was heavily counter-attacked for three hours. A fire broke out in the motor-room, a quick-diving tank was inadvertently flooded, and the submarine sank to more than its maximum tested depth before her descent was checked.

The commanding officer concludes his narrative with the remark:—

"The morale of the ship's company was brought to a high pitch by a gun action in the early part of the patrol, which the subsequent unsuccessful attack by anti-submarine craft failed to shake."

SUB - LIEUT. STEPHEN DEANLEY writes to thank me for the pin-up girls and



C.P.O. Gerry Rodham, of "Sportsman."



Here are A.B. W. Deed, P.O. Colman, Stoker Cockburn and E.R.A. Spicer, of "Sportsman," sitting through the solemn ordeal of being adopted by Gillingham, Kent.

poker dice we sent to H.M. Submarine "Sportsman." I'm glad they arrived, but must confess I am a trifle disappointed at not being invited to a game when I visited that boat recently.

Anyway, as I said before, I enjoyed that visit, and am looking forward to the next time.

Seems I must have been up North when you were in London, sir. However, when you get home again I hope you will pay us a visit.

About the rain and mist you mention—yes! And you have all my sympathies.

TERRIBLY sorry about the cycle photographs, Lieut. Cooke. I thought by this time everyone concerned would have



W.O. Holdrupp, of "Sportsman."

seen at least one of my notes saying that a bundle of pictures had been sent to Chaplain Bulstrode at H.M.S. "Forth."

There were numerous complications—paper control and such to be overcome—so I took the easiest way out and sent the whole lot to the depot.

I am sure that if you enquire at the Chaplain's cabin you will get a set. If he doesn't happen to have any left, I will endeavour to get some more done for you.

Thanks for your comments, by the way. The guy who makes up the back pages is getting swollen-headed—everyone praises them. Of course, if there's any spot you would like to see in "Good Morning" you have only to say the word—we will get it.

Regarding the crosswords, we have to try to find a happy medium, and from letters, some of which say they are too difficult and others the opposite,

STANLEY JACKSON

tells you how

the "Make-up Men" of the Police Force get their quarry

Cops Incognito

THE sales of detective thrillers are enormous, even in these days of paper shortage, and you can bet dollars on doughnuts that in nine novels out of ten the detective is portrayed as dumb, flat-footed, and dressed in a floppy serge suit and bowler hat! The real-life sleuth is apt to be more intelligent and enterprising than the thriller-writers pretend.

We've all heard of plain-clothes police, but the term is more exciting than it sounds. Often it's literally a case of dressing the part if you want to catch your crook. To-day, the "make-up" men of the police force are working overtime on the track of spies, saboteurs, Black Marketeers, dock thieves, looters, pickpockets, and other war-time pests.

A CERTAIN Scotland Yard "part" that he delivered a street-corner sermon!

Full marks must also go to the detective who was after a certain crook who was as slippery as an eel and seemed to have an amazing instinct for spotting policemen yards away. This detective finally cornered him by dressing up as a woman, and wheeling a borrowed pram, complete with dummy baby, right up to the crook. The latter

Another C.I.D. sleuth knew that he was trailing a crook who would shy at the first sign of anything suspicious. The detective made himself up as a "Mrs. Mopp" and took a job next door to the man he was after. He got his evidence all right.

During the bad blitzes on London a detective patrolled a district where there had been an epidemic of looting. He saw a man come out of a blitzed house with a bundle of stuff.

"Come on, mate," invited the man. "You might as well fill your pockets." He was quite dazed when the seedy-looking "mate" in the cloth cap took him in charge.

Some of our ace detectives could have done very well on the stage as character actors. A certain sleuth specialised in clergymen "roles" and made many a smart capture in this disguise. It is said that on more than one occasion he became so engrossed in his

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blow 'ow Bonnie Prince Charlie must 'ave felt! Keep quiet!"

"We all have to start small"

G. B. S. has a flair for the graceful snub. Some years ago a famous actress asked permission to print some tender letters that he had written her in his youth. He replied on one of his famous postcards.

"No, my dear. I refuse to play horse to your Lady Godiva!"

A famous R.A. once painted a portrait of a plump Dowager. "You must remove my double chin," she said firmly when she saw the completed canvas.

"Your Grace," replied the artist, "I am a painter, not a masseur."

George Augustus Sala, the Edwardian wit, wasn't too pleased to be greeted by a well-known pawnbroker at a May-fair party.

"Glad to see you," he mumbled. "I never saw your legs before!"

Horatio Bottomley also had his sense of humour. On one occasion he had before him an office boy who had been caught stealing stamps. The cashier urged instant dismissal.

"Let him go," grinned Bottomley. "After all, we all have to start small."

Here's Lou, A.B. Claremont Chitty

MR. EDWARDS, your artist friend at the Station Hotel, Earlswood, still asks about you, and also Paddy.

Sam Marsh came third for the best pony trap, and fourth for the best private utility turn-out in the Smallfield pony show. There is some talk of Pony Clubs being run after the war.

Mother is making a turn for the better. So many people have asked about you and send good wishes that we cannot possibly mention them all.

Puppy Lou was to have been Rex, after the Border collie you used to have, but was not that kind of dog! Here's Lou with your sister, Sheila, at 62 Victoria-road, Redhill.

nearly collapsed with surprise when the "lady" pounced on him.

An ingenious trick was played on a street bookmaker whose pitch was in a narrow street with a perfect view of both ends. More than once he had slipped away at the approach of a policeman. On this particular day it was raining hard, and the two smart detectives reached him under the shelter of umbrellas. They walked with knees bent, and the "bookie" thought two small boys were coming up the street!

Another detective, anxious to nail his man, borrowed a milkman's clothes and can and delivered the milk all along the street until he came to the house he wanted. The watching man didn't have a chance to recover from his surprise.

A certain detective took great pains over make-up. He likes to recall one case when he was on the track of a "fence." He was dressed as a tramp and found himself in a crowd listening to some Salvation Army folk. When the service was over the leader made a bee-line for the "tramp" and earnestly begged him to come back to the Hall for a bite to eat!

Some of these disguises are very elaborate, but in many cases the detective must be a real quick-change artist. He may be "tailing" a man for hours, and several changes of costume may be necessary. A cap, muffler and mackintosh can be carried in coat pocket, and an expanding walking-stick can soon make a man change into a cripple.

Of course, the sleuth doesn't always have it his own way. Some crooks also vary their appearance and often give the slip to the human bloodhounds after hours of hide-and-seek.

One famous detective suffered on a certain occasion from being too convincing in his part. Much to his indignation, he was arrested as a suspected pickpocket in Trafalgar Square in full view of hundreds of interested spectators!

An American detective found himself on the scent of a man suspected of murder. The suspect was in gaol on a minor charge. It looked like being a stalemate until the enterprising sleuth deliberately committed a crime, found himself in the "Big House," and gained his man's confidence. He got the evidence he was after!

Odd-But True

Said to have belonged to Warwick, the Kingmaker, the "Great Bed of Ware" is twelve feet square and can sleep twelve adults in comfort.

Forced to live apart from the tribe, unmarried women in New Guinea dwell in special houses built in tree-tops. On the platform of each house a pile of stones is kept handy to cast down on the heads of would-be intruders.

Gas which seeped through crevices in the rocks provided natural gas-rings over which the early pioneers in Alberta, Canada, cooked their food.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"Chop off his head," cried the Sultan

THE next morning, when Aladdin awoke, his valets-de-chambre presented themselves to dress him, and brought him another habit, as rich and magnificent as that he wore the day before. Then he ordered one of the horses appointed for his use to be got ready, mounted him, and went, in the midst of a large troop of slaves, to the sultan's palace.

The sultan received him with the same honours as before, embraced him, placed him on the throne near him, and ordered breakfast. Aladdin replied, I beg your majesty will dispense with me from accepting that honour to-day; I came to ask you to come and take a repast in the princess's palace, attended by your grand vizier and all the lords of your court.

The sultan consented with pleasure, rose up immediately, and, as it was not far off, went thither on foot.

The nearer the sultan approached Aladdin's palace, the more he was struck with its beauty, but was much more amazed when he entered it; and could not forbear breaking out into exclamations of approbation. But, when he came into the hall and saw the windows, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all large, perfect stones; and, when Aladdin had observed to him that it was as rich on the outside, he was so much surprised that he remained some time motionless.

They then sat down to a sumptuous repast, and the sultan was in raptures with the choice delicacies of which he partook.

Aladdin had behaved himself after this manner for several years, when the African magician, who undesignedly had been the instrument of raising him to so high a pitch of fortune, bethought himself of him, in Africa, whither, after his expedition, he returned.

The magician no sooner understood, by the rules of his diabolical art, that Aladdin had arrived to that height of good fortune, but he cried out in a rage. But I will prevent his enjoying it long, or perish in the attempt.

He was not a great while deliberating on what he should do; but, the next morning, mounting a barb, which was in his stable, set forward, and never stopped but just to refresh himself and horse, till he arrived at the capital of China. He alighted, took up his lodging in a khan.

The person to whom the African magician addressed himself, took a pleasure in showing him the way to Aladdin's palace, and he got up and went thither instantly. When he came to the palace, and had examined it on all sides, he doubted not but that Aladdin had made use of the lamp to build it.

The magician heard that Aladdin was gone out a-hunting for eight days, and said to himself, This is an opportunity I ought by no means to let slip, but will make the best use of it.

To that end he went to a maker and seller of lamps, and asked him for a dozen copper lamps.

The next day the magician called for the twelve lamps, paid the man his full price for them, put them into a basket which he brought on purpose, and, with the basket hanging on his arm, went directly to Aladdin's palace; and, when he came near it, he began crying. Who will change old lamps for new ones?

He repeated this so often, walking backwards and forwards about the princess Badroulboudour's palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves down to know what he cried.

Another woman slave, hearing this, said, Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the princess may have observed, but there is an old one upon the cornice, and, whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its stead.

The lamp this slave spoke of was Aladdin's wonderful lamp, which he, for fear of losing it, had laid upon the cornice, before he went to hunt. The princess Badroulboudour, who knew not the value of this lamp, bid an eunuch take it and go and make the exchange.

The magician waited till the darkest time of night, when he pulled the lamp out of his breast, and rubbed it.

At that summons the genie appeared.

I command thee, replied the magician, to transport me immediately, and the palace which thou and the other slaves of the lamp have built in this town, such as it is, and with all the people in it, to such a place in Africa.

The genie transported him and the palace entire, immediately, to the place he appointed in Africa.

As soon as the sultan rose the next morning, according to custom, he went into his closet, to have the pleasure of contemplating and admiring Aladdin's palace; but, when he first looked that way, and, instead of a palace, saw an empty space, such as it was before the palace was built.

he could not see his palace; and begged of the sultan to allow him forty days' time, to enable him to find his palace.

The sultan granted his request, telling him that, if he did not succeed, his head should answer for it.

Aladdin went out of the sultan's presence with great humiliation, and in a condition worthy of pity. At last, possessed by his despair, he was just going to throw himself



"My husband, doesn't understand me—but you submariners are so, so different."

The sultan flew into a great passion. Where is that impostor, that wicked wretch, said he, that I may have his head cut off immediately? Go and order a detachment of thirty horse to bring him to me, loaded with chains.

The grand vizier went, and gave orders for a detachment of thirty horse, and instructed the officer who commanded them, how they were to act, that Aladdin might not escape them.

Aladdin had not the least suspicion of the true reason of their meeting him, but pursued his way hunting; he was carried before the sultan, who waited for him, attended by the grand vizier, on a balcony; and, as soon as he saw him, he ordered the executioner, who waited there on purpose, to cut off his head.

Before the executioner struck the blow, Aladdin begged the sultan to inform him of his crime. The sultan then asked what had become of his palace and his daughter.

Aladdin was thunderstruck when

JANE



The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



now stands, or immediately transport it back where it first stood.

What you command me, answered the genie, is not in my power.

If it be so, replied Aladdin, I command thee, by the power of the ring, to transport me to the place where my palace stands in what part of the world soever it is, and set me down under the princess Badroulboudour's window.

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, but the genie

transported him into Africa, to the midst of a large meadow, where his palace stood, a small distance from a great city; and set him exactly under the windows of the princess's apartment, and then left him.

The next morning, as soon as day appeared, he immediately got up, went towards the princess's apartment, and walked some time under her window, in expectation of her rising, that he might see her.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

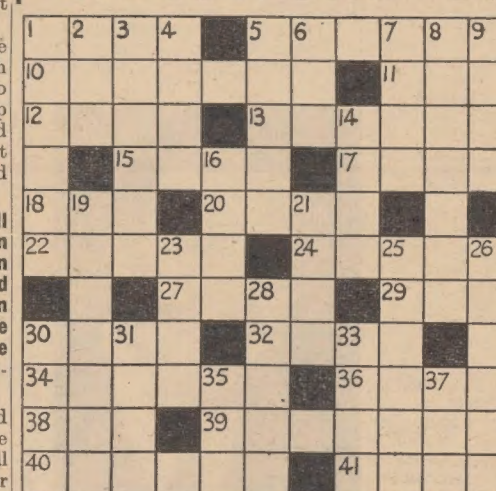
1. A snaphance is a dress-fastener, old-fashioned gun, insect, snake, lucky deal at a sale, cocktail?
2. What is the difference between (a) O.H.M.S., and (b) H.M.O.S.?
3. Name the last Book in the Old Testament.
4. How fast (or slow) can a clock be?

5. Who rode naked through which town?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Slovan, Sloven, Slovene, Solvant, Sodder, Sylvan?

Answers to Quiz in No. 476

1. Shaft of a scythe.
2. (a) Is a wind which blows in the Rhone Valley, (b) is a travelling musician.
3. Epistle to the Romans.
4. Oboe.
5. (a) French, (b) German.
6. Slod.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1 Curve.
5 Songs of joy.
10 High-flown.
11 Panama.
12 Perforated ball.
13 Water gate.
15 Deft.
17 Space.
18 Boy's name.
20 Hire out.
22 Meeting place.
24 Examine accounts.
27 Ship's stern.
29 Scottish cry.
30 Cougar.
32 For fear that.
34 Made up for.
36 Slacken.
38 Young animal.
39 One of U.S.A.
40 Allot.
41 Provide.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Although. 2 Cereal. 3 Small opening. 4 Skin.
5 Social class. 6 Entirely. 7 One of U.S.A. 8 Brief. 9 Haulm. 14 Hindustani. 16 Member of choir. 19 Evergreen. 21 Scruff. 23 Extend across. 25 Senility. 26 Screw ridge. 28 Earlier. 30 Parent. 31 Swabs. 33 Slave. 35 Item of food. 37 Transgress.

POM-ISM MAY
EVICT ABUSE
GENUS RANKS
ROB RIDGE
STRIVEN OWN
E-CAPER I
ASH-CARAMEL
TOKAY COX
VALET JETTY
IRENE ADORE
ZELO DRY RAW

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 2

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: First in killing is self-defence in murder the degree.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 2, 4, 10, 16, 32, 64, 128.

3. When George said "Orange," Ted said "John." What word linked these two ideas in Ted's mind?

4. There were two monkeys in a wood, and one perched on top of a tree stump while the other circled slowly round him. But the monkey on the stump kept turning himself so as always to face the other. Did the monkey who was going round the tree stump also go round the monkey on the tree stump? (Remember, he never saw the perched monkey's back.)

(Answers in No. 478.)

Answers to Intelligence Test No. 1.

1. Both are: Black, hard, heavy, combustible, of vegetable origin, able to be split, able to be cut with a steel knife.

2. Dark is not a colour; the others are.

3. 77.

4. If asked individually if they were Englishmen, they would all have said "Yes," the native being the only liar. Therefore, the man who said that one of them had said "No" was the liar and the native

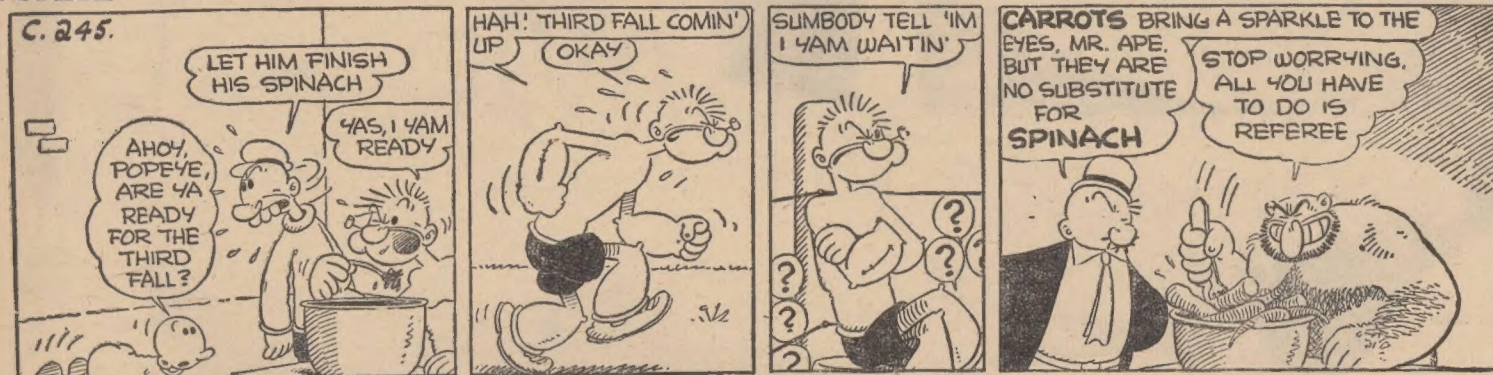
BEELZEBUB JONES



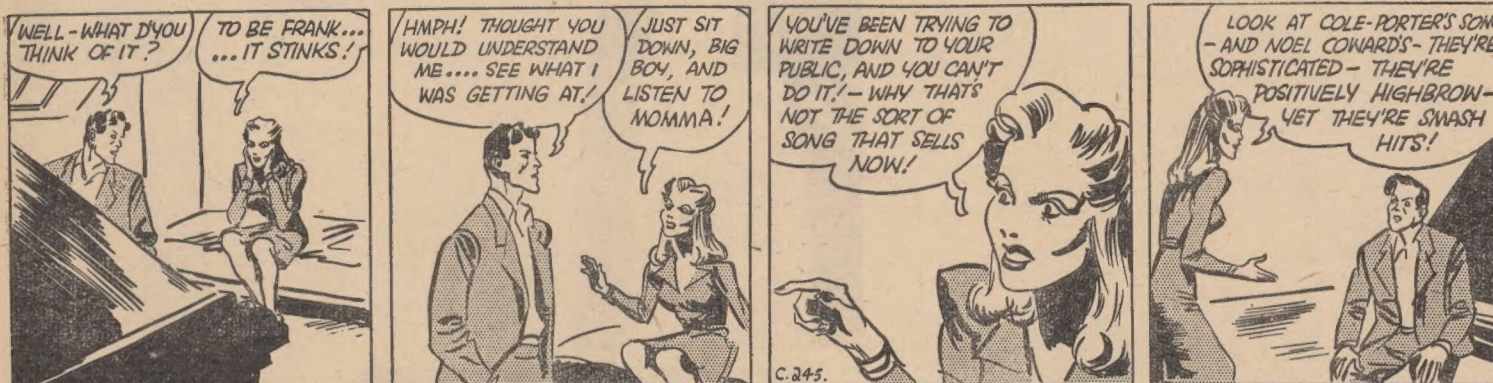
BELINDA



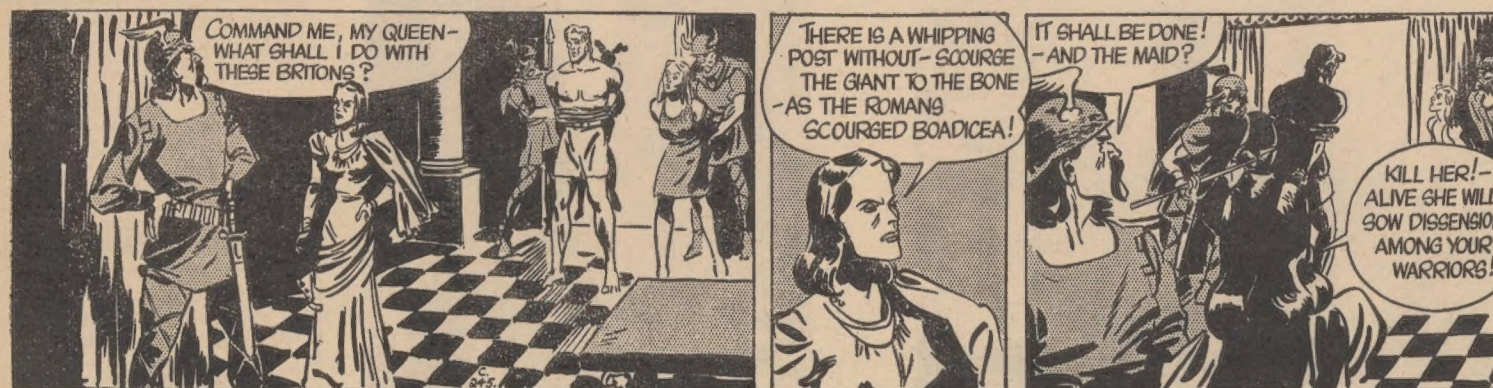
POPEYE



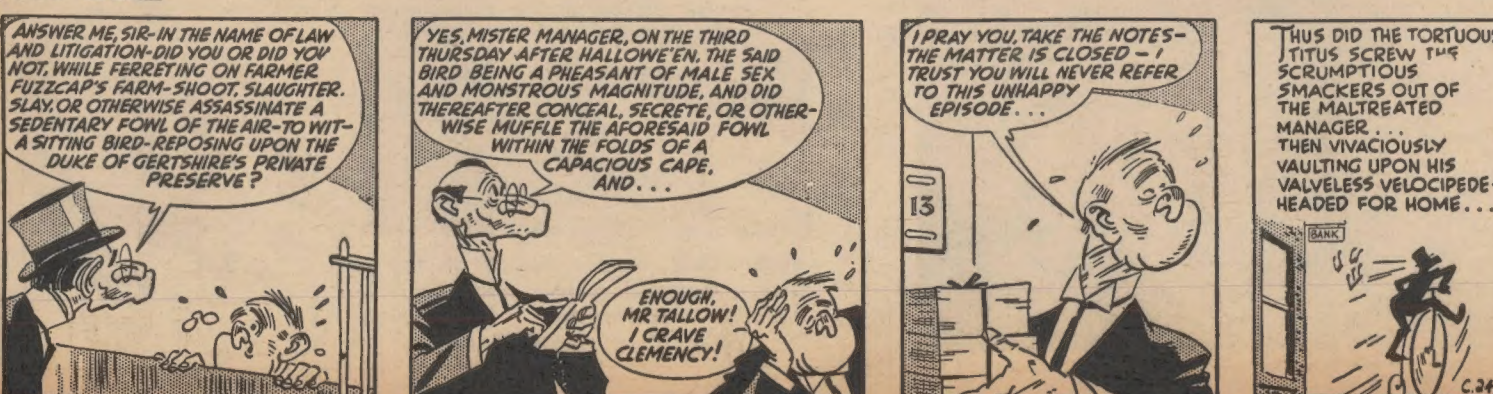
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

IN the past women looked up to men for the solution of important problems. But they have been disillusioned, because the arrival of this war has shown that men have not been so clever after all. Women, with their freedom from traditional thinking, their outspokenness, and clear view of realities, intend to play a greater part in world politics. . . . The growing influence of women in politics is already being felt. No country can afford to ignore the ability of its women.

Caroline Haslett.

A GOOD JOB?

SOME of us Britishers think that on the whole the British haven't made a bad job of things. In other words, we are proud of the Empire. . . . It may be that all our colonisings and commonwealthings have been a vast mistake, and that our explorers and adventurers and those who have been so foolish as to carry the British flag to places where it wasn't wanted would have done better if they had stayed at home in the taverns of Fleet Street, or the attics of Bloomsbury, scribbling dirty little poems on dirty little pieces of paper.

James Agate.

POST-WAR EMPLOYMENT.

COOKING is both a sport and an art, in which the amateur has quite as good a chance to win as the professional. Like all arts, cooking is its own reward for the artist who strives and succeeds.

Andre L. Simon.

LONELINESS.

THOUGH I was myself bird-happy at a public school, what is wrong with our system of education, and our general social tone into the bargain, is that it puts a taboo on tenderness. Everybody—and women too, now, as well as men—are brought up to be terrified of showing affection and sentiment. There is much more affection in people than finds expression. The result is that many more lives are arid and lonely than they need be.

Desmond MacCarthy.

SAVAGE HABIT.

IT is a savage habit which leads men to drink by themselves. But it is worse than savage; it is criminal to leave women alone in the house while the men are drinking away the money which should go to feed them and the children. The English and the Americans are, I imagine, the only people who must dislike their families so much that they insist on taking their more festive pleasures apart. Compare the Continental cafe, where men and women meet, sit to their food and drink, and listen to music and watch the world go by.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad.

OUR FUTURE.

THE future of civilisation depends on the answer to the question, "Can a democracy be persuaded to remain armed in peace-time?" If the answer to that question is No, then democracy will be destroyed in the end. But "to remain armed" here means "to remain effectively armed." A strong Navy, a strong Air Force, and a reasonable Army, are the essentials. If they cannot be had without conscription, the conscription must be endured. For the sake of our national existence we are ready to endure that loss of liberty. But we are not ready to endure it for anything less.

C. H. Lewis.



Good Morning

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

"So they're giving her the First Prize, huh? Been up to her old tricks again — making calves' eyes at the judges — I know her, the designing minx!"



This England

"By the old mill stream, I love to sit and dream"—and who wouldn't, in this lovely village of Lemsford, Hertfordshire?



"The name's Evelyn Keyes. The address is Columbia Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. U.S.A. And my secret passion is submariners. So don't keep me waiting too long, will you! 'Bye, now."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Look where you're going, you clumsy elephant."



WANTED, experienced chiropodist. Should bring own instruments, including blowlamp. Apply, Zoological Gardens.